

Last of the Real Ones by IWriteWorksNotTragedies

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Summary:

I met a girl exactly two years and one week ago...

Last of the Real Ones

Author's Note:

Song- The Last Of The Real Ones - Fall Out Boy

Exactly two years and one week ago went out into the woods, in the pouring rain, to look for my missing friend, instead I found a lost girl, I brought her home, gave her food, dry clothes, and a roof to sleep under. She didn't even have a name, her name was a number, she'd scarcely speak, and I could see in her eyes that she was scared. But I wouldn't be able to fathom what lied ahead of me over the next week. At the end of that week, she disappeared, most people that knew her assumed she was dead, but I didn't, I refused to believe that she was gone, I needed to think that she was alive, or I would've gone insane. The bond we formed over that week was special, I had never felt so close to anyone ever before that, and I haven't felt the same since.

Even though I couldn't bear the thought that she was gone, after six months, I lost hope, I couldn't keep hoping for something that I knew would never happen. People don't come back from the dead, especially not after that long. So, I gave up, I stopped trying to believe in miracles that I knew couldn't possibly come true. I put all my time into school, and when I didn't have any school to do, I put all my time into writing campaigns. I did as much as I could just to have something to do, because when I had nothing to do my mind wondered. My mind wondered back into that corner that I taped off with all the yellow tape I could, making sure that I would never go back, but every time I went back, every time I just ignored the tape, and every time I came back worse than when I went in. For another six months I struggled, struggled with that corner that I tried to get rid of, but I couldn't, every time I tried I just saw her big brown eyes, and her asking why I didn't want her anymore, and I couldn't, I couldn't give an answer. Not to her, I couldn't tell her that I didn't want to think of her anymore because it hurt too much, the thought of her never coming back hurt too much. That I didn't want to feel sad anymore, that I couldn't bear having her there anymore because

it was a dark cloud looming over me. I couldn't tell her that every time I thought of her, I thought of her death, I thought of never seeing her again, I couldn't tell her that the thought of her had been corrupted with the sadness of her not being here. With every passing day it hurt more, and it all lead up to one year ago.

One year ago, I, I heard her, I heard her talk, talk to me.

I was just an only child of the universe

And then I found you

And then I found you

It was her, it was really her.

*I know this whole damn city thinks it needs you But not as much as I do
As much as I do, yeah*

I didn't know what to do, at first, I thought I was dreaming, but I wasn't. I found her, I finally found her.

*Cause you're the last of a dying breed Write our names in the wet concrete
I wonder if your therapist knows everything about me*

Oh yeah, my 'Therapist' otherwise known as 'The person that tries to analyze my every single thought to diagnose me with a mental disorder'.

I'm here at the beginning of the end

Oh, the end of infinity with you

I'm done with having dreams

The thing that I believe

Oh, you drain all the fear from me

Fast-Forward to now, I went out into the woods, in the pouring rain, to find my friend, I found a lost girl. I'm giving her food, dry clothes,

and a roof to sleep under. She has a name, it's more than a number, she knows how to speak, and I can see in her eyes that she's at home. And I can't fathom what lies ahead of me. A few years ago, everyone assumed she was dead, including me. But now I know her, not by a number, but by a name. *EL*.

That ultra-kind of love

You never walk away from

You're just the last of the real ones

You're just the last of the real ones